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BRACTEOLA AUREA

OR,

FILINGS OF GOLD

DRAWN

From the Life and Death of that

LOVELY CHILD,

MRIS. *JOANNA REYNELL*

Who died the 26. of *January*, 1662.

Worthy of *Observation* and *Imitation*.

By *E. R.* Esquire.

MAT. 19. 13.

And Jesus said, suffer little Children to come unto me: for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Just. Mart. Epist. ad Zenam.

Women ought to take care of their Children, for of such is the Kingdom of God.

LONDON,

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THE EPISTLE TO THE READER

THough these few Leafs seem not to invite Epistle; yet [in the midst of the variety Tempers, they are like to meet with] it not unlikely, but that some [who flatter their o Opinion, and extort the utmost of their belief their own sense, and who adventure to read and inte pret their own meaning with censorious and prejudice conjectures] may cast an Heterical eye upon t meanness of this Subject: I thought fit to acquai thee (courteous Reader) that, as the vessels appoin ed for the use of the Temple, were not all of one Fi ness, [though none unuseful] so God, who despise not the day of small things] judgeth those things Greatest, which are most Gracious, and is ofte pleased [as to lodge Pearls in Cockles, so] to bestow the Treasures of heaven-ly knowledge on the meanest persons. And [as Stars that have least Circu-

* Atas est pe fecta, ubi ni tus est te fect

are nearest the Pole] *so,* *out of* the mouth of bes and *Sucklings* doth God often shew forth his ise.

Besides, how great do we find the tender care and rd of our blessed Saviour *towards the children of his gdom!* Mark 10.14. & 9. 36, 37. *How displeased s he with those that with-held them from him? he took m up in his arms, he put his hand upon them, and bless l them, and said, that whosoever received such in his me, received him,* Mat. 10.15. *Nay,* [*in return of that ld demand of the Disciples*] *that, without they became* such, *they should not enter therein. It was the saying* one, *that,* he had rather have the Feeling that imple soul hath with God, then all the learning the Philosophers: *and hence is it, that another lleth one, that hath arrived to this degree of happiness,* a little Diety conversing in amortal Flesh. *lem. Alex.*

Scaliger *reporteth of himself,* that he never read of e death of *Socrates,* but he wept; *and truly, those o well knew this hopeful* Child, *will hardly forbear do the like. Neither* [*though long clouded in silence ithout the least intent of making it* Publick] *can I chuse ut throw this drooping* Flower *after her hearse; such ring her unheard-of forwardness,* [*especially in* heavenly things, *wherein I have rather* glean'd, *then* gathered *a full* harvest] *and such the importunity of ose who desire to preserve her* Memory; *with my own esire of manifesting Gods* Power *in so much weakness:* whose Glory *I wholly devote it.*

We have more need of Patterns *then* Precepts: *and is observable in Children,* [*as in other things*] *to*

imitate

imitate their like: *and being firſt taken with an* Out-ſide, *may* [*underſtanding after, that it relates to one like themſelves*] *have the greater deſire of reading, and being familiar with it*: *and* [*at laſt*] *make that which ſeems* a Recreation, *to be of greater uſe and benefit.*

And though it pleaſed God (*here*) *to blaſt her innocent joys, and the ſtill-fading* Flowers *of the merrier portion of her life, ſeem to have been ſullied* [*through pain and ſickneſs*] *with* tears *and* ſadneſs, *yet her ſoul* [*having left the encloſure of her body*] *hath now exchanged her* Militancy *below, for a* Manſion *more* glorious *in heaven*: *Neither can I conclude with a better Caution, then in that of our* Saviours *words,* Take heed how you deſpiſe any of theſe little ones.

Farewel

Bracteola Aurea,

OR

FILINGS of GOLD.

TO write the *lines* of our departed *Frien* (especially if more then ordinarily em nent in the *Church* of *God*) is a *cuſto* no leſſe *Antient* then approved, where the *Tyes* of Affection are retaliated, and the *Bon* of Love diſcharged; it being *Gods* courſe to lead in the ſhort paſſage of our earthly *Pilgrimage* her ſometimes by the ways of *Diſcipline* and *Mortifi tion*, ſometimes by the ways of *Mourning* a *Lamentation*; and alſo by the *Examples* of *good* a *bad Preſidents*, *whereby* to incite to *vertue*, a diſſwade from *vice*; we having more need of *E amples*, then *precepts*, to prevent us from the *C reers* of *Sin*, and to lead us aright under the ſhado of this worlds *vanity*.

Grace doth not cut off the affections of *Natur* but rather Ripen them; and *Relations* make goo men more paſſionate, and to ſpeak feelingly of th *Death* of their *Friends*, whoſe perfections ſhoul preſs ſome *Tears* from our eyes, and to ſay with th

ophet, *Is* Jonathan *gone? he shall still breath in y soul*: Neither doth God loſe his *Relations* the Death of his *Saints*, *Joſua* 1. 2. *John* 1. 11.

And ſurely it is much of *Religion*, to take notice Gods choiceſt veſſels, and ſuch as are moſt dear nto him, by the * *Example* of an holy, and *Religious* life; the which (through an impulſive power) not only gives luſtre and reputation, but carries with it a moſt lively Feature of *Divine* Reſemblance, and the Characters of *Divinity*; yea the *Patterns* of the vertuous, we find (by ſome) to be call'd the ſeeds of *Eternity*.

Egregia virtutis empla veluti lumin edito ponenda t, ut omnibus eluceant, &c.

Neither (omitting what we find in other *Hiſtories*) do we want a plentifull ſtore-houſe of Scripture *Preſidents*, the ſpirit of God being very large in heir *prayſe*. The *Jews* could not forget their good *enturion*, *Luke* 7. 5. and the *Widdows* (having ſt waſh'd their *Dorcas*, and laid her forth with heir *Tears*) ſhewed the *Coats* and *Garments* ſhe id made them, *Act.* 9. 29. Yea, ſo vigorous do we nde the *Examples* of great *Perſonages*, as that ey are ſometimes call'd *Angels* of God, and *Lights* the people, 2 *Sam.* 14. 17. and 21. 17.

How much then doth it import to enter into oſe Liſts, in which *Gratious* ſouls have run their *urſe*? whoſe *lives* inſtruct, whoſe *Deaths* teach, d whoſe *works* follow them! there being no better *rdiall* to comfort the *Friends* of the departed, or revive their drooping *Souls*, then by this way making them *alive*.

The

The *Ægyptians* ſpent much time, and coſt in Embalming their *Friends*, and building their *Tombs* as ſondly conceiving that they were to remaine longer in them then in their *houſes*; and yet all this while they did but lay them with their *Faces* downwards; the Imitation of their vertues being the beſt way to preſerve, and maintaine a *Familiarity* with them in their Graves: *The righteous* (ſaith *David*) *ſhall be had in everlaſting Remembrance*: Yea the *Evangelical* Prophet thinks it a thing very worthy to be laid to heart, that *the* * *Righteous periſh, and no man conſiders it.* *Eſa. 57. 1.

If a good life then be the beſt *Monument*, and thoſe *Memories* ſtand faſteſt, which are founded on the Rock of *vertue* and Religion [all others decaying which are laid in the foundred Bottom of worldly *vanity*] how ſad is it to obſerve, that ſtrange kind of under-valuing the *memory* of the Dead [ſo highly recorded by the *ſpirit* of God] which floats in the *Fancies* of ſome who are down-right *Satyriſts* againſt their deſerved *Prayſe*! yea, how ſoon (alas!) do they leave off chafing the *Temples* of their *Friends* no way conſidering, how good it is to begin, and end, all our Actions with the *Meditation* of our *Duſt*; whereby Nature [at firſt] gave us beginning, and Death [at laſt] will put an end to all our eathly travel and miſery!

And ſo farre are many from deſiring here (with *Philip* of *Macedon*) to be minded of their *Mortality*, and departure hence, as that rather (with that * *French* Prince) they command their ſervants not ſo much as to mention *Death*; as

* *Lewes* 11

no care were to be taken before our earthly *lodgings* grow rotten, the foundation ſinks, the *Furniture* becomes moath-eaten, and the whole *Structure* begins to fall about our Ears. Yea, how often [alas!] do we deferre the welfare and happineſs of our *Soul*, untill *Tears* approach, *Phyſitians* grow impotent, the *Evening* ſtarre of our life begins to appear, our *Sinews* ſhrink, our blood congeals, the *Bells* toll, the *winders* are in our ſight, *Death* ſtrikes at our heart, and a *dying hand* is only left us to bequeath away all we have; this being but a bad time, to provide for the great *Birth day* of *Eternity*.

The greateſt work we have to finiſh in this world, is to *die well*, and to make a happy departure out of it, whereby we leave the world before it leaves us, and give *Death* our hand as a wellcome *Meſſenger*, not as an affrightfull *Serjeant*; it is good [early] to be familiar with it, and to take notice of all its approaches, by the diſſolution of others; there being ſomething of benefit to be reaped by our *Neighbours* departure. Not a *Paſſing Bell*, but (like * *Jacob* calling to his ſons) ſerves to mind us, our *turn* may be next; nor is there a *Corpſe* carried to be buried, and laid in its laſt reſting place, but *being dead yet ſpeaketh*, yea preacheth our *Funeral* Sermon.

* *Gen.* 49. 1.

Beſides, though we have loſt the ſight of our *friends*, yet not our *Affections*, (ſaith St. * *Ambroſe*)

* *Quamquam ſeparati ſumus aſpectu, non tamen Affectibus*; S. *Ambroſe*.

we

we ought not to part with them ſo ſoon as natur parts with them; or to throw away all our acquain tance with the *Grave*-ſhovell; but ſtill to main taine that intimacy of Affection which we find war rantable from the word of Truth; our *Saviour*, be ing pleaſ'd to call *Lazarus* his *Friend*, though he wer in his *Grave*, *John* 11. 11. And *Moſes* wa ſtill the *ſervant* of God [though dead] *Joſhu* 1. 1.

Neither can I believe, that thoſe whoſe pulſe o *Affections* ſo ſoon leaves beating [under what colou or pretence ſo ever] as not to beſtow one *ſigh* o *Tear*, to beſprinkle the *urne* of their departe *Friends*, have found the right way of committin them to the earth; though not fooliſhly to diſcharg the ſurpluſage of our *Paſſions* on our ſelve [which would prove rather *Heathenish*, then *Chriſti an*-like] or by an over amorous *Devotion* to preſerv the *Reliques* of our departed *Friends*, whereby tha which [at firſt] was but the *Picture* of a *Friend* (i time) grows to a *falſe God*.

That tears are a *Tribute* due to the * *Dead*, w we find in the Father of the *Faithfull*; and weeping *Jacob* would not be com- forted, but ſaid, *Surely, I will go down into the grave unto my Son mourning*. Neither ſha we be unfurniſhed of occaſions for *grief*, from th *Cradle* to the *Grave*, while we are here in this valle of *Tears*.

* *Gen.* 37. 3

We are here encompaſſed with ſeverall ſorts o *Tears*; we have our Repenting *Tears*, we have our * fellow-feling *Tears*, but (a-

* *Lacrym poenitentia*

bove

ove all) our * Grief *Tears* are thoſe which ſeem moſt to affect: theſe are they which (like low grounds) ſtill make us moiſt, and watery: Theſe are they which make the *Prologue* of our life *weeping*, the *Act* of our life *weeping*, and whoſe *Epilogue* ſtill ends in weeping.

Lacryma compaſſionis, Lacryma Doloris.

We hear one (with the *widdowes* ſonne) crying *my head, my head*! Another (with the *Children* of the *Prophets*) moaning *my belly, my belly*! yonder ands one (with *David*) lamenting *my Son, my on*! here another (with *Eliſha*) crying out *my ather, my Father*! one *groaning* (with *Hezekiah*) nder the burthen of his *ſickneſſe*; another (with *Rachel*) bewayling her *Children* and *will not be omforted*. Yea, we finde the height of grief exreſs'd in *Scripture*, by *one* that *mourneth for his onSon*: and the ſpirit of God making it as it were a hing impoſſible *for a Mother to forget her Child*. Eſa. 9.15.

We read of St. *Ambroſe*, that he lamented the Death of *Valentinian* and *Gratian*, as if he had oſt both his *Eyes*; and again (ſpeaking of his dear Brother * *Satyrus*) he ſaith, *Can I ever forget thee with whom I have ſpent out my life?* nay we finde the Prophet ſetting it forth, as a *Curſe* to die *unlamented*, Jer. 22.18.19. and that paſſage n the Prophet *Zachary* [*that that dieth, let it die*] Zach. 11.9. is held by him as a *Malediction*; being as much as to ſay, let it do *no good in dying*, which ſeems alſo to agree with that of the Apoſtle who tels

Velut oculos mihi deſſos doleo, &c. Amb. de obi. Satyr.

us

us that *Trees without Fruit* are called *twice dead*; and truly, its a kind of *second death*, if none *living* by the better *for us*.

And do we not finde the Prophet as it were calling back *Elias* out of the *Clouds*; so unwilling was he to let him go but still to have him in his sight; not like those who so soon part with their *friends* (laying them with their Faces downward) as if [being *dead*] they *live* no longer to them; the Affection of the one expiring with the breath of the other, and both breathing out their last together.

But what need we more? when [certainly] we have the best of *Patterns* for our *Tears*, Joh. 11. 35. so as *we greive not like those without hope*, 1 *Thess.* 4. 13. who was known to *groan* and *weep*, but never to *laugh*. He inquired of all those that passed by, *whether any sorrow were like his sorrow?* Lam. 1. Nay we find his *soul exceeding sorrowfull, even to Death*, Mat. 26. 30.

He bids us [indeed] sometimes to *rejoyce*, but in what? except our *reproaches*. St. *Paul* had his *Joy*, but it was in his *Afflictions*; and the *Martyrs* had their *Joy*, but dull *flesh* was not the *object*; it was in their *sufferings*; this kind of *joy*, must be sown in *Tears*, and we must waite for it, till the Harvest come; until *Heaven* be our dwelling, incorruption our change, the Angells our Partners, and Immortality our Garment.

Those (indeed) which do here make *Earth* their *Heaven*, & are not acquainted with the *Musick* which is in the *groans* of the *Afflicted*, nor what *Beauty* is in the *Tears* of the *Mourners*, would wonder [or at least

least wise think him *Frantick*, if not mistaken in his way] who should knock at a *Grave*-stone for a *Companion*; or should go down into a *Vault* or *Charnell* house to make *Merry*; And yet even *heuce* may we draw instruction of *Piety*, and by the *Meditation* of the *Death* of our *friends* [whereby God [for our correction and instruction] is pleas'd often to chastise us in our nearest *Relations*, and to open a *Vein* in the *Arme* for the curing of the head] produce a better *life* to our selves.

And certainly, its a Bad *Flower*, out of which we cannot suck some *honey*, tending to the benefit and advantage of our soul; and an unskilful *Gardner*, which will not [this way] allow some *Thorns* and Thistles to hedge in the *Garden* of his *Soul*, from the wasting Creatures of *sin* and wickednesse; yea surely its a weak *Stomack* which cannot patiently look on a *Death's Head* in the midst of a *Feast*; and a worse *Appetite* which cannot sometimes be content to feed on a *Commons* of *Dry-Bones*, with the Meditation of *Mortality*.

Mistake me not; I do not say we should so hang down our Heads, as that, because Earth ought not to be our *Resting place*, we should therefore make it our *Hell*; Neither do I invite any [more then out of *Religious* observation] to seek for the *living* among the *Dead*; or to go down [with *me*] into the *vault* of this departed *Child* (which would be no other then as the *mourning* we read of the feined *woman*, 2 *Sam.* 14. 2.) but only to preserve their *Graces*, and recount the *Passages* of their *life*; that so, though we cannot still *behold them*, we may

stand

ſtand *Remembrancers* of their *worth*.

But not to let my *Pen* too farre digreſs, neither make too great a ſtay in the *Porch* or entrance, before we approach the houſe, by ſhewing you how *Iſaac* mourned three years over his *Mother*; *Jacob*, 22. years over his *Son*; nor (as ſome *Rabbines* would tell us) that *Adam* mourned 100. years for his Son *Abel*; Neither that the *Jews* were wont to hire men for to *lament* their *Dead* (who cut and pricked themſelves that they might weep in earneſt) let it be enough, that there is a *Time* of *weeping* appointed by God, *Eccleſ.* 3.4. That there is a Bochim and Valley of Tears, where we ought ſometimes to lift up our voices, and weep: yea, a *Marah*, which occaſions bitterneſſe of *Soul*, and (as at preſent) fills our hearts, and eyes full of *weeping*, and lamenting: To which, after have we once given their full ſcope, they will grow the more eaſy and lighter; And happy are we, if we can ſo refreſh our heavineſſe by our *Tears*, as to cleanſe that fountaine of *Sin*, which is ever and anon offering us the ſad occaſions of our *Greif* and ſorrow.

But now, to write the *life* and *Death* of a *Child*, in an *Age* which affords ſo many *Preſidents* of worth and larger Endowments, may (to ſome) ſeem as ſtrange as unuſual; to whom I anſwer that, *atas eſt perfecta, ubi virtus eſt perfecta*; *Age* is *perfect where vertue is perfect*; and that God (*who deſpiſeth not the day of ſmal things*, but whoſoever worketh Righteouſneſſe is accepted with him) always judgeth thoſe things *greateſt*, which are moſt *gratious*; the leſſe we ſeem to our *ſelves*, the greater we are

with

with *him*, and the safest * ascent to *Heaven* is by the acknowledgment of our own *Nothingnesse*,

* *Descendenda ad cœlum ascenditur*: *Cassiodorus.*

Our blessed *Saviour* (who was the Oracle of *Truth* itself, and who came not to break the *bruised reed*, nor to quench the *smoaking flax*, *Mat.* 19.13.) was pleas'd to receive, and blesse those *Children* which were brought unto him; yea, to tell his *Disciples* [plainly] who were (or should have been) the wisest of men (in regard of the many wonders and *Miracles* they saw, and the constant familiarity they had with their Lord and *Master*) that, *unlesse they became as little Children, they should not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven*, Mark 10.14,15. and were fain to to have the *Pattern* of a little child held forth unto them to abate height of their thoughts, and to teach them *humility*, and lowlinesse.

Whereby we see, that, should we look for *perfection* in the best of Gods *Servants* [nothing being here absolutely so] we should find the *failings* of good men, ready to produce a *restraint* of their their *Graces*; no *Gold* being without its *dross*, nor *Corn* without its *Tares*. And how happy were it for many [poor souls!] who stand so much upon the uprightnesse of their hearts and *lives* [being rather *objects* of grief and pitty, their Bodies being so near their *graves*, and their souls no way provided for *Heaven*] if they had but the acquaintance with Death, which this poor *Child* had!

Nor let the *shortnesse* of her *Age*, any way deterre from the *Imitation* of her *vertues*, *she* being so richly endow'd with the *Innocency* of *Child-hood*

an

and beginning so soon to *live* to *God*, to learn th
Scriptures of a *Child*, 2 *Tim*.3.15. and to remem
ber her *Creatour* in the dayes of her *Youth*, *Eccle*
12.1. yea, in the dawn and morning of *her* fe
dayes did *she* begin to *suck in the milk of Gods wor*
(as it were) with the milk of her *Nurse*; and [b
her early *Fruits*] seemed [there] so to settl
her *Virgin Love*, as that (had it pleas'd Go
to have afforded *her* longer life) *she* gave grea
hopes of proving *herself* very instrumental in hi
Church.

And that *she* had a *love* to *Gods house*, appeared
by her often enquiry in the week dayes, when *sh*
should go to the Church; and her earnestness to go
thither, as if God (who hath *milk* for *Children* as
well as stronger *meat* for *those* that are of a *full Age*,
Heb.5.13,14.) had inform'd her *Soul*, how pleasing
a thing it was to him, to come *early* into his *vine-*
yard; and (however *she* endured not the heat of the
Day) hath now [no doubt] given her, her *Re-*
ward; the *vessels* appointed for the *service* of his
Temple, being not all of one *Bigness*, yet none
unuseful.

Her fear of taking *Gods name* in *vain*, was also
very observable; she was not only very cautious
her self, but hath been often heard to reprove *others*;
acquainting them with the danger thereof, which
was a true sign of that *heavenly wisdom*, whereof the
fear of the Lord is the beginning.

Her desire also of *Schooling* abroad, of reading

saying, and being *Chatechized* at home, was well known to those which were about *her*; wherein she would often intreat others to help and instruct her; which greatly took her off from mispending that time (whereof *she* had little to imploy) which otherwise] might have been spent in the *vanities* of *childhood*.

Her dutifulnesse to her *Parents*, was likewise to be noted; how careful was *she* to please them? how fearful to offend them? how ready to obey them? he which [as we find it an honour to the (2 *Joh.* 4. *Elect Lady*, that all her *Children* walked in the *truth*] must needs be a comfort to them, to have such an *Olive-Branch* about their *Table*.

Very *watchful* and fearful *she* was to do *evil* and which *she* would not only seem to check in *herself* (when through weakness or tenderness of nature, *she* was at any time made sensible of such frailties as are incident to the oversights of *Child-hood*, but even stand wondring at *others*; and (as much as may be) in *her* words, and *Gestures*] reprove them in them, which *she* seem'd so much to dislike in *her self*.

Neither [had God pleas'd to lengthen her life] was her *peaceable disposition* likely to have prov'd the least *Jewel* in the *Diadem* of her *vertues*; making (as it were) her study in her *health* [but especially her *sickness*,) as appear'd by her many expressions to those about *her*, to be *quiet*, which (with much earnestness) *she* often repeated, thereby seem

in

ing to invite us to that *Gospel-rule of living peaceably with all men*, 1 *Thes.* 4. 11. being a *duty* necessary, as wanting in the general course of our *lives*.

When *she* saw any *Poor*, it should go hard but *she* would find something to supply and refresh them. And when *she* heard of any that were *sick* in the *Family* [whether Servants or others] how tender, and tending would *she* be (even with seariousnesse of advice, and with sweet speeches of comfort, as out-went many who had spent more years in the world; saying *it was Gods will*, we should be *sick*, it was for *our good*, and that *God* could send *sickness* or death to *her* also, if he pleased so to do!

What shall I say? *she* was a *Child* [or rather a *woman*] in whom did appear so much of *perfection*, and a *Divine Soul*, as hath been seldom known at *her Age*; yea, *she* was as a *little world*, wherein was contain'd a lively *Map* of heavenly *Graces*. Nature [or rather the *God* of Nature] having endow'd her (as with the Innocency of *Child-hood*, so) with the apparent *signs* of *grace* in *her old-age*, she being of a composed spirit, and heavenly temper; of a quick wit, and active Body; modest in her carriage, solid in her behaviour; of a sweet, winning and affable demeanour and disposition; familiar, and *loving* to all; by whom *she* was again as generally *beloved*, and at her *Death* as much *Lamented*.

Her ſickneſſe was long and teadious [near twenty eeks] her pain, and lingring fits were many, and t *ſighs*, and groans (at times) not a few. Yet oh! ith what abundanc of patience did *ſhe* overcome em? Ah! with what *mildneſſe* and chearfullneſſe, d *ſhe* undergo, and poure out, her ſhort and deep tch't breath, which ſtill threatned the approaching f that laſt *Enemy* which *Nature* ſo much ſtruggles ith; though (to *her*) ſeeming no way Dreadful, the many, long and teadious aſſaults that Death ade upon her!

Or if [through continued wearineſſe, and pain] e might in the midſt of ſome violent diſtemper em to be troubled in *her Imagination*, ſure it as no way, in *her memory*; the which [without e leaſt diſturbance in her *Soul*) laſted even to the ſt *hour*, and wherein the *goodneſſe* of *God* was exreſs'd, ſince *diſeaſes* (like mercileſs *Theeves*) rob any of their *ſenſes* on their *Deaths-beds*, when they ave moſt need of them, and often fall into reat outragiouſneſſe and blaſpheaming even of God imſelf!

Neither is long *ſickneſſe* to be looked on as a *ſign* f Gods anger (the delays of whoſe *favours* are not lways a *Refuſal*] who often differs his *cure*, whereby to raiſe from *Death*; and ſuffers his *Children* oftentimes) to fall into *lingering ſickneſſes*, for heir better *Repentance*, and to teach them that heir *Bodies* are not free from Infirmities, and to he end that thoſe who are *Exemplary* in their *lives*,

lives, [the *Saints* of God (as we find in Scripture being beſt at their *Ends*, and the *living* ſpeeches o *dying* Chriſtians uſually beſt remembred, and mo regarded] ſhould (through his ſtrength, and thei own patience) ſhew ſomething Remarkable in thei *ſickneſſe*, and *Death*.

And though *ſhe* was long going to her *journeys* end yet ſeemed *ſhe* no way tired, with the length thereof [the true Temper of a *Chriſtian* in *dying*] but was well contented to waite his *leiſure*, whoſe appointed time [queſtionleſſe] was the beſt for *her*, and whoſe ſubmiſſion to hi will made her *Bed* ſeem ſo eaſy in her ſickneſſe.

It was a rare thing to obſerve in a *Child* ſuch an heavenly *comportment* in *ſickneſſe*, and even contempt of her enſueing *Death*! to ſee *her*, how *ſhe* lay in the time of *her ſickneſſe*! with what undauntedneſſe of ſpirit, yet humble meekneſſe! How *ſhe* held her peace (I mean in any way of murmuring or impatient repining againſt him, whoſe doing it was! no diſtracted geſture being ſeen in *her* countenance, nor to be read in her complaining; not ſo much as letting an eye [as it were] to roll amiſs, though (perchance) ſhe had many hard encounters, and did oftentimes wreſtle with many ſtrong and violent *Conflicts*, ſo that as *Death* (which embitters all the comforts of this *life* to the *wicked* (God ſecretly ſtanding by *her*, and making *her* to overcome at laſt) was to her not only ſweet but welcome;

ld of whole future happineſſe (though lying many eeks ſick, like a *Princeſs* in a ruinous *houſe* ſhe que-ionleſſe) ſaw a glimps, through the chincks of a *ickneſſe*-broken Body.

Neither could *ſhe* chuſe but ſmile upon *Death* aving (as it were) from *her* very *Infancy*, by a ontinual exerciſe in vertue triumphed over *Sin*, hich only makes *Death* to be formidable. And ough *ſhe* ſaw *Death* making towards her, and of-en heard thoſe that came to ſee *her*, to queſtion her *Recovery*, by the incureableneſſe of her *diſeaſe*; yet as ſhe not ſeen to make the leaſt *change* in er countenance, or ever to expreſſe the leaſt diffi-ence in *Gods* help towards her *Recovery*; but ather, a holy readineſſe by Death [yet very arefull in obſerving all means tending to pre-erve a longer life] whereby to enjoy the preſence f him *ſhe* ſo often call'd on in her *ſickneſſe* even *her good God*] and which (with much arneſtneſſe of ſpirit) *ſhe* often repeated, and ex-ected health from; as well knowing *ſhe* was in the Armes of *life*, and ſhould [at laſt] finiſh her *ourſe* with joy.

But before the *Candle* of her *life* was put out, the *Miniſter* coming to ſee *her*, ſhe took him by the hand, and deſired him to pray for her; which was twice powerfully done the next *Sabbath* Day, not without the pouring out of many *ſighs*, and the ſhedding of many *Tears*, by thoſe that were then preſent. And however God was not pleas'd [whoſe ways

ways are pass't finding out, and often useth to exercise our patience] to give an answerable Return in regard of her *Recovery* (intending *her* for himself yet was she afterwards endow'd with unspeakable comfort and *patience*, even to her last Breath. It being impossible [as St. *Ambrose* told St. *Austin*'s Mother] that a *Child* of so many *Prayers* should miscarry.

Neither could it be any thing else which made *her* to shew so meek and quiet a deportment in that work of *Dying*, but *her* being satisfied with the heavenly *Manna* of *her* Saviours *presence*, and that sight of *heaven*, which in a more then ordinary way strengthned *her* towards her long *Journey*; and where *she* plainly foresaw, all *Tears* and sighs should be wiped away from *her* eyes, and every *fit* of *sickness* should have its peculiar *Crown*.

When her *spirits* began to fail, and to lose ground of their usuall quickness, and her speech began to fail, her inward strength [no doubt] increased, while her outward decayed. Nor may we conclude other, but that [so long as Nature was pleased to fanne a little breath into her Nostrills] great was the comfort between *God* and her *Soul*, who is the best Interpreter of the heart; and who at last gently drew out her Breath, and (as it were) led her by the hand into that *Mansion* he had prepared for *her*; like a *Tree* loaden with abundance of *Fruit*, and having a *Spirit* too full of splendour to be longer obscured in a cloud of *Flesh*.

And after her *Soul* was gone a *Sacrifice* to Heaven, with how chearfull and *ſmiling* a countenance, did ſhe look; as if [even then] at her departure hence, *ſhe* had had ſome ſweet conference with *her Saviour* and his bleſſed *Angels* [who are tid to take care of little *Children*, Mat. 18.10.] ſhe ſeemed no other [after her panting and long-fetch't breath] then as *one* that was refreſhed with the ſleep of *death*, yea all thoſe that beheld her, ſaid that *ſhe* never looked fairer then in her *mourning dreſs* and attire, Ah! how pleaſingly did ſhe look, when ſhe lay diſroabed of all her *ſin*, and *ſorrows* it brought with it? there being then neither *ſigh* nor *groan*, neither *grief* nor *pain* to perplex *her* quiet *Soul*, which was then newly fled to *heaven* with the white wings of her *Dovelike Innocency*.

Nor need thoſe that came to deck her, bring any *flowers* [which in *her* life time ſhe ſo much delighted, and took pleaſure in] or to ſpend any time in adorning that prety *peice*, in the ſweetneſſe of thoſe ſmiling *looks* there appear'd ſuch a pleaſant ſpring of *Roſes*, and *Lillies*, which had over-ſpread her *lipps* and *Cheeks*; neither wanted a *Garland* to grace her at *her* Death, having in *her life* time been beautified with the *Flowers* of a more laſting condition.

Inſomuch, as that when *ſhe* had put off the cloths of her *Mortality*, how did all think (or at leaſt ſtrive to keep) her *alive* in their Reports (while others

others thought Death too cruel) out of that affection, which ſtill made them to kindle new *hopes* of her life, at every ſpark of probability!

But as the *faireſh*, and ſweeteſt * *Flower* is of a fading condition, and ſubject to be caſt down; ſo how ſoon (alas!) had this new born *light* attain'd its full aged Noon? Ah! behold, how ſoon the ſhadow-flying-days of *her* life conſumed? how quickly the blaze of *her* ſhort *Pilgrimage* expired? ſhe budded, ſhe *Bloſſom'd*, and was in her *Prime* (being like a *Roſe* newly blown and gatherd) between the *ſaeventh* and *eighth* year of her *Age*.

* *The Text at her Funeral,* Job. 14.1,2.

But this *Diamond* muſt be ſet in *clay*, and the rareſt *Jewels* (like earthen Veſſels) at laſt diſſolve and turn to *duſt*. The beſt gold muſt have its trial, and the pureſt corn muſt firſt die before it ſpring. That ſo *good* a *Child* ſhould *die*, hath matter of *grief* in it; but that *ſhe* died ſo *good* hath ſome recompence of *comfort* with it: That *ſhe* was cut off in the *Bud*, and *Firſt Age* of *her* harmleſſe Innocence, may ſome way ſeem to carry *ſorrow* with it; but that *ſhe* ſo much gains by her *change*, is only taken hence to be freed from further *Miſeries*, hath comfort and ſolace in it,

farre

farre above our *ſorrow*; and though in the one our *loſſe* ſeems to call for *Tears*, yet in the other her *gain* alloweth us the breathing of *Joy*; being (by Death) only taken from the *ſhadowes* and falſhoods of a wretched *world*, to enjoy the reall *Glories* of Heaven; and to be enroll'd in the golden *Catalogue* of the *Children* of her *Saviours* Kingdom.

In the mean time, her *Grave* is but a Bed of *Roſes* where her Reſt will be ſweet, and her *Night-Cloaths*, at laſt taken off. Though God pleaſe to turn us to *aſhes*, he will not turn us to *nothing*, our *aſhes* being only more ſacred, and God (who is the keeper of our *Duſt*, out of which he firſt made us) will out of them again reſtore *us*: Yea he who takes care of every *hair* of our head (being living,) doth the ſame of every *grain* of our aſhes [being dead] we ſhall again meet with our old *Bodies*, which are but for a time placed in Gods withdrawing-*Room*, or laid to ſleep in *Lazarus* Bed.

She died about the approaching of the *Spring*, when the Birds and *Flowers* (which ſhe ſo much affected) ſeem'd to deck her *Hearſe*, and to ſing her *Elegie*, breathing out her pure and *divine ſoul* in that peaceable, calme, and comfortable manner, as that *ſhe* taught the *ſtanders* by, no leſſe *vertuouſly* how to *die*, then *ſhe* had formerly how to live; leaving (as it were) a naked

naked, and diſconſolate *Houſe* behind *her* (in reſpect of her affable carriage, and loving diſpoſition) to all that came afterwards, and found *her* wanting.

But though the *Night* of *Death* have overtaken *her*, let us not ſuffer *her* ſo to depart from *us*; but to let *her* always live in our *Memory*; *ſhe* was once (indeed) more properly *ours*, but is now a *Jewel* ſet in *Chriſts* Diadem (who hath but taken his *own*) yet have we *her* ſtill by commemorating, imitating, and very highly (in *love* eſteeming) what we ſaw remarkable in her life.

God is pleas'd to *honour* them that *honour* him, and to continue a good Report to a good *life*; God looking on her (then) with the eye of his *Favour*, may ſhe ſtill ſo remain in our *ſight*; and as *ſhe* was the *Object* of our *wiſhes* in her *life*, ſo let *her* now be the *ſubject* of our *practice* in her *Death*, wherein *ſhe* ſtill *ſpeaks*, and is a voice to her *friends* and *Relations*, the *Memory* of our departed *friends* being like a Legative *Ring*, which nothing but *Death* ſhould pluck off from our Fingers.

And ſeeing, that when we droppe into our *Graves*, a Funeral drowns all our *delights* [which like *Vermin* run away, when the *houſe* is falling] may theſe (then) ſerve as a *Hand-kerchief* to wipe off the *Teares*, and as a *Bracelet* to wear about

about the *Armes* of all thoſe that knew, and related to this *Child*; to whom *ſhe* is ſtill ſpeaking, though the night of Death hath turn'd her *Mid-day* into *Darkneſs*.

Neither let any wonder [my *ſoul* being more then uſually vaild with the *Blacks* of *ſorrow*] if I ſtrew one *Flower* more then ordinary on her *Hearſe*, or if I beſprinckle her *urne* with ſome *Tears*, and once again diſcend the *vault*, to touch the *ſhrine* of this ſo greatly *beloved*, and *lamented Child*, whom God (whoſe Almighty *power* is ſtill guided by a moſt wiſe *providence*, and tempered with a *Fatherly* love) was pleas'd ſo ſhortly to call after her departed *Brother*.

Her *Brother* did I ſay? Ah! *ſtay* gentle *Reader*! and once more here let fall thy *Tears*; Ah! let me forbear a little, leaſt my *greifs* bleed afreſh, and I too dearly prize that *name*, by calling to remembrance that *black night* which uſhered in ſo *ſad* a day.

And ſhould I again *begin*, I ſhould but repeat what I have writren, and renew a freſh that *Sorrow* which may be (in part) forgotten, *he* being alſo the *joy* of his *Parents*, the *Delight* of his *Friends*, the *hopes* of his *Country*, the

the *life* of his *name*, and (in thoſe afore mentioned *vertues* of *love*, *meekneſſe*, and *ſweetneſs of diſpoſition* and heavenly *Inclination*; and who (with his *own*) did even carry our *ſouls* away) her neareſt *Parallel*.

There being no *Diviſion* which could make them *two*, in *vertue* or *Amity*; being *both* alike, as well in *Perſon*, as *carriage*: *Dying* both about the ſame *Age*, of the ſame *ſickneſſe*; lying *ſick* the ſame ſpace of *time*, and near the ſame ſeaſon of the year, having both their * *hope in Death*.

* *The Text at his Funeral*, Pro. 14. 32.

And may I not ſay (as it was once) in the words of *David*, 2 Sam. 1. 23. *They were lovely and pleaſant in their lives, and in their Death they were not divided*, now ſhining (no doubt) like Natures *Gemeini*, in the clear *Horiſon* of *Heaven* and happineſſe. And whoſe *Tear*-dew'd *Hearſes* [being ſent hence, with abundance of *ſighs*, having paſs't the various *ſtormes* of this world, and left their earthly Receptacles] lie *buried* both together in the *vault* at *Eaſt-Ogwel* in *Devon*! whence (their *Souls* being already tranſmitted to thoſe heavenly comforts they own *enjoy*) their *Bodies* expect the re-uniting of

thoſe

thoſe *Aſhes*, which (in the mean time) are carefully preſerved by that *Omnipotent* hand which firſt brought them together, and will at laſt give them a bleſſed and happy meeting to all *Eternity*.

FINIS.